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for even to the day and hour; their physical well-being and their heart's content are both assured; the earthquake adds nothing to them, and it takes nothing away. One can think of a dozen ways in which Mrs. Atherton could have woven that final scene into the very warp and woof of the story. Instead, it is simply a gorgeous drop-curtain, which descends after the play is finished, and while the band is playing, and the audience, with their backs turned, are passing out, their thoughts already fixed on other things.

And yet there is another aspect of "Ancestors" that goes far towards justifying that closing description of the flame-swept city. Mrs. Atherton has not deliberately assigned the leading rôle in her story to the city itself in the way that Zola assigned it to his city, in the novel called "Paris," so as to make our interest in the city's destiny paramount to that of any individual lives. Yet much of the time one feels that she herself, sub-consciously, perhaps, cares more for the life of the city, the throb of the city's heart, than for any man or woman in the book. That is why she has caught not merely her city's outward physiognomy, but its inner and vital spirit, in a way that has not before been done in fiction; so that the book will be remembered less as a chronicle of individual human beings than as a huge kaleidoscopic picture of metropolitan life, a monument to the old San Francisco which has passed away.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

IN THE DAYS OF JOHN HARVARD.*

THE clearest insight yet afforded into the environment and personality of John Harvard is due to an author who is neither a graduate of Harvard nor an American. Yet it would be the baldest chauvinism to emphasize the fact. The book before us seeks to picture the personality of an English scholar. John Harvard's youth was spent in London. His culture was due to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Of his brief span of thirty-one years, only a little over a year was spent in the New England where his work lives after him to teach "that one disinterested deed of hope and faith may crown a brief and broken life with deathless fame." There is a fitness in the fact that an English

* "John Harvard and His Times." By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company.

man of letters familiar by inheritance and association with the larger part of his theme should have given us, on the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, our most vivid and plausible picture of the earliest benefactor of education in this country. Mr. Shelley has realized a charming and persuasive atmosphere, but the facts, if we follow modern insistence upon sources, were due most of all to the investigations of the American antiquarian, Mr. Henry F. Waters. The historical results of the researches of the last twenty years were summarized by Mr. Waters in the June number of the "Harvard Graduate's Magazine."

It is no detraction from the supplementary value and interest of Mr. Shelley's work if we recognize at once that his is a secondary book. There is no question of such discoveries of sources among old wills and musty records as crowned the work of Henry F. Waters nearly a quarter of a century ago. Up to that time our knowledge was almost a blank. In the decade which brought the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harvard, Benjamin Pierce, in his History of Harvard College (1833), was forced to pass over the founder with little more than mention. President Josiah Quincy, in his history (1840), could only say, "That John Harvard was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, emigrated to this country in 1637 and was immediately admitted a freeman of the Jurisdiction and a member of the church in Charlestown is all that is known concerning him with distinctness and certainty." Two years later James Savage, author of the famous "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," searched England for new material and found practically nothing beyond John Harvard's signature at Emmanuel College. There were no claimants in response to his offer of \$500 for five lines of exact information.

But in 1883 Mr. Waters was commissioned to institute a search which began with a most exhaustive reading of old wills at Somerset House. The clues finally obtained by this Harvard graduate led to results of extraordinary interest. Briefly, he found who John Harvard was and where he belonged. He identified his father—like Cardinal Wolsey, John Harvard was the son of a butcher—and traced his mother, Katherine Rogers, to the home of her father, Thomas Rogers, in Stratford, where the latter was a butcher and corn-chandler, of large affairs according

to Halliwell-Phillips, and an associate of Shakespeare's father in the government of the town. The identification of John Harvard with the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where he was christened, was made complete. The old Queen's Head Inn, which Mr. Waters visited and Mr. William Rendle described in his "Inns of Old Southwark" (1888), was shown to be as the largest single item of property left to John Harvard by his mother.

This outline of salient results seems desirable in view of a certain lack of detailed acknowledgments in Mr. Shelley's pages. He brackets Mr. Waters and Mr. Rendle together in phrases which, as regards the former, seems to us singularly incomplete. It would have been fitting also to make some special mention of a little book published in 1894, Dr. Thompson's History of St. Saviour's Church, with its records of associations with kings and queens, cardinals and martyrs, and names high on the roll of English men of letters. But so much of stricture in passing tempers but slightly enjoyment of the painstaking and ingenious re-creation of atmosphere in the only book which has been devoted to John Harvard's life and times.

In outlining literary and political characteristics of his earlier years, it has been obviously necessary to indicate the keynote of Puritanism at once, and the book naturally becomes a picture of the vicissitudes of English Non-conformists in the generation which followed after the death of Elizabeth. The persecutions by Laud, which drove so many Puritan ministers to New England—Cotton and Hooker are among them—are vividly reflected in the earlier chapters. As to the daily life, the studies and tempered recreations which young Harvard must have shared, a plausible reconstruction has been effected from the note-books of a neighbor, one Nehemiah Wallington. Elsewhere, particularly in the years at Emmanuel College, this method of inference from contemporary documents has been applied with results enlightening and full of interest, though naturally lacking scientific exactitude.

In one case, however, the author's zeal in historic restoration leads him far afield. If Shakespeare were not Shakespeare we should hardly have so elaborate an argument that he may well have been the means of bringing together the father and mother of John Harvard. We have seen that the father of John Harvard's mother was a neighbor and associate of Shakespeare's

father at Stratford. From 1596 to 1611 Shakespeare himself was associated with Southwark. The Globe Theatre was there, and there in St. Saviour's Church, where John Harvard was christened, November 29, 1607, William Shakespeare, less than a month afterward, stood by the grave of his brother Edmund. The incongruity of close association between the Puritan butcher, Robert Harvard, and the actor-playwright is manfully met by the author, but that Shakespeare was the match-maker must be accounted as somewhat far-fetched, if ingenious, speculation. Mr. Waters, in pointing out the connection, simply says: "It is fair to suppose that Shakespeare was acquainted with his townswoman, John Harvard's mother, and he may, in his younger years, have taken part in some play performed in the yard of the Queen's Head Inn."

Again and again the reader finds himself indebted to Mr. Shelley's research into the life, manners and customs of the times. Now it is the processions through Southwark, which John Harvard must have witnessed as a boy. Later, when at twenty he entered Emmanuel College, Mr. Shelley is unwearied in sketching not only the Puritan atmosphere at Emmanuel, but also the personality of instructors and students, and such suggestive bits of color as the visit of Charles I and the award of a degree to Rubens, both of which John Harvard must have seen. But the younger sons of Harvard should doubtless be more heedful of the fact that his name never appears among those set down for "admonitions," and that he took the B.A. and M.A. degrees in the minimum time. The modern undergraduates may read with a keener relish than their president that football received the official approval of Emmanuel College in John Harvard's time.

When the young graduate returned from the Commencement of July, 1635, it was to a home made vacant by the death of the mother to whom, and to the brother Thomas, Harvard University also owes a debt of gratitude. He held the first place in her will. In April, 1636, came his marriage to his friend's sister, Anne Sadler, in the church of South Malling, where the entry has been identified, and there followed his final decision, doubtless long a matter of debate, to emulate others of his belief who had sought religious freedom in a new land. The collection of a library, the sale of some of his inherited real estate in Southwark, and

other preparations must have occupied him up to the time of sailing in the spring of 1637; and his voyage may well have lasted for twelve weeks.

It was the irony of fate that this young clergyman, fleeing from religious persecution and false doctrine, should have arrived in Charlestown in the midst of the bitter theological warfare evoked by the "Antinomian heresies" of Anne Hutchinson. Nevertheless, there was a vacancy in the Charlestown church and there he was installed not as pastor, but as "teacher," his duty being "to explain and defend the doctrines of Scripture." Land was assigned to him, he built a house, and interested himself in his duties and in the affairs of the colony. To him, fresh from the English university, the college authorized by the General Court clearly appealed with peculiar force. His own time was short; it was for him to pass on the torch, and when his last hours came, September 14th, 1638, although he left no written will, he made it clear that one-half his estate and all his library should be given to the new college at Cambridge. The legacy of money alone was probably double the amount originally appropriated by the General Court. But it was due to the Court that the college took his name. His legacy was without conditions. There was no thought of self-aggrandizement. The days of this most modest benefactor were not the days of oil and steel.

No portrait of John Harvard has come down to us. No line of his writing, not even his autograph, is preserved in this country. Only one book remains from his library. Although a monument to his memory was reared in Charlestown in 1828, the exact site of his final resting-place continues open to question. We have the more reason, therefore, to value this book, which synthesizes in popular form the results of researches into his life and provides a more definite—we may almost say a more intimate—understanding of his life and surroundings than we have ever had before. The three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth comes at a time when the record of his stainless, unselfish life may be pondered to good purpose. In the words of President Eliot at the unveiling of French's ideal statue in the Harvard Delta in 1884, "This pure, gentle, resolute youth will teach that the good which men do lives after them, fructified and multiplied beyond all power of measurement or computation."

RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.